

Book of Poems

BY "GEMMILL"

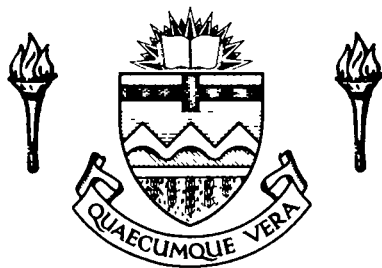


PS
8521
I69
B72

Mrs. John Kirkpatrick
WINNIPEG

HSS

EX LIBRIS
UNIVERSITATIS
ALBERTAENSIS





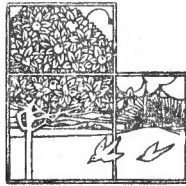
MRS. JOHN KIRKPATRICK

UNIVERSITY
OF ALBERTA LIBRARY

113

Keep Right with God

"The Spirit of Good in all Things"



Let not your mind confused be,
Nor heart devoid of sympathy,
Nor soul estranged from things above;
But all attuned to God's great love.
Thus shall your sense of living streams
Run clear cool water to your dreams,
And charity in kindness given
Shall be your sweet foretaste of heaven.

This book of poems is dedicated to the gentlemen who have made
its publication possible.

679576

~~~~~

## CONTENTS

|                                                   | Page   |
|---------------------------------------------------|--------|
| John Buchan .....                                 | 5      |
| Lockport .....                                    | 6      |
| The Old Windmill.....                             | 7      |
| Spirit of Spam .....                              | 8      |
| The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders of Canada.... | 9      |
| My Son .....                                      | 9      |
| Vimy Memorial to Canada's Dead .....              | 10     |
| The Passing of King George V. ....                | 10     |
| To My Vacuum Cleaner.....                         | 11     |
| The Broken Hero.....                              | 12     |
| She Gave All.....                                 | 13     |
| He Never Knew .....                               | 14     |
| Memories .....                                    | 15     |
| Corner of the City Park, Part I, Part II .....    | 16     |
| Corner of the City Park, Part III. ....           | 17     |
| Remembrance .....                                 | 18     |
| Lawrence of Arabia .....                          | 19     |
| Christmas .....                                   | 19     |
| Could I But Speak. ....                           | 20     |
| Despair .....                                     | 20     |
| The Optimistic Grad .....                         | 21     |
| The Passing of a Friend... ..                     | 22     |
| Radio Vesper Hour .....                           | 23     |
| A Reverie .....                                   | 23     |
| A Satire .....                                    | 24     |
| My Neighbour .....                                | 25     |
| My Darling .....                                  | 26     |
| Our Unemployed Youth.....                         | 27     |
| Homeland .....                                    | 28     |
| Summer Time .....                                 | 29     |
| Ecstasy .....                                     | 30, 31 |

~~~~~


An Appreciation of Baron Tweedsmuir
Governor General of Canada



JOHN BUCHAN

Auld Scotia's grandeur still survives
With tempered zeal and solid worth;
Her sons are scattered far and wide,
From shore to shore, o'er all the earth,
Canada thus holds forth her hand:
This son of Scotland's greatest men
Shall clasp it firm and human hearts
An Empire's grip shall feel again.

He comes to Canada's fair domain,
This son of Scotland's keenest core,
Sublime simplicity his sword,
Sincerity his sharp claymore;
His wealth of grace sustains, revives
Our dormant sense of verse and story
And sets our Scottish hearts aflame
With fires of bygone days of glory.

Fair land of youth this Scottish son
Shall you inspire to higher heights;
Tweedsmuir shall dignity endow,
John Buchan human wrongs put right.
Thrice welcome, son of Scotland's best,
Canada, playing well her part,
Now opens wide her native arms
And takes John Buchan to her heart.

Emblem of auld Scotia's grandeur,
The Maple Leaf and Thorn entwine
The hearts of fair Canadian youth
Ne'er pricked by thee, the stronger vine.
But youth and age all seasons through
Shall sense in union's greatest treasure
The Hidden Hand that guides us all
And grasp anew God's brimming measure.

LOCKPORT

There's a dear old spot named Lockport
On the banks of the river Red
Where the locks they fill and empty
Ere a boat can steam ahead.
It's a quaint old place of treasure
With the "Auld Kirk" keeping trace
Of the million modern measures
That obscure this dear old place.
As our eyes glance 'cross the river
They behold a fairy scene
Where the rows of cars like toyland
Play on mats of gorgeous green
And the fishing boats at anchor,
Gently swaying to and fro
In the soft, cool breeze of evening,
In the hush all fishers know.
'Tis fairyland to kiddies
As they romp around at play,
How they love the clear, warm sunshine
As the white clouds roll away,
Leaving only lacv fringes where
The tree-tops kiss the sky
And the hum of mating love-birds
Waft a soothing lullaby.
Then to wait until the twilight bathes
In gold the running stream,
And the dancing, prancing waters
Deck the waves with frothy cream.
You have lingered after sunset when
The sky turned misty blue
And the lights from 'cross the water
Chased the fairies from your view,
And you wondered why so many
Travelled far to distant shores
When this gem of quiet beauty
Nestles here—right at our doors.

THE OLD WINDMILL

O, let me dream of Scotland, the land I love so well;
Tonight my pen shall paint, her scenes of beauty tell,
The softness of the early morn, the dew upon the grass,
The beauty of the rising sun—could anything surpass?
The buttercups and daisies, the herds upon the hill,
The lazy dreamy cattle, and the old windmill.

O, let me dream of Scotland, the land I love so well;
My exiled heart is yearning for the bracken and the fell,
To wander in the woodlands with the wild flowers all around,
To see the bluebells smiling and the pansies kiss the ground,
The hawthorn and the roses, the music of the rill,
Singing songs of Scotland to that old windmill.

O, let me dream of Scotland, the land of hills and fens;
The moorlands blooming heather or the echo of the glens,
My longing eyes grow dim, as I climb the hill to find
The Shepherd bring his lambs home, his heart so warm and kind—
He lays them gently by the fire, their quivering forms to still,
In that dear old home, beside the old windmill.

O, let me dream of Scotland, the land I love so well,
The scenes of early autumn nor brush nor pen can tell,
The leaves all dressed in glowing tints, the rowans hanging low,
The new-mown hay and stacks of corn sweet fragrance round you
 blow;
Twilight gently stealing o'er the scene until
Your eyes can scarcely trace the old windmill.

O, let me dream of Scotland, the land I love so well,
A little longer linger, a few more moments dwell
In childhood's days and after, when love and sorrow came,
Romance, my childhood ending, I loved you just the same,
And now, tonight, though far away, in loving memory still
I see the flowers, the cattle, and that old windmill.

THE SPIRIT OF SPAIN, 1936

Spain, a garden full of flowers,
A house or orchards brimming o'er,
Song and dance her heart's desire,
Romance and love her native lore;
Tall her towers and old her story
Grace and dignity endow,
Yet her people have betrayed her,
They have sealed her sentence now.

Long ago when youth was sober,
King and Queen in simple faith
Joined their hands and hearts together,
Gave each other honoured place;
Years of happy growing children
Graced their throne with throbbing brow,
Yet her people have betrayed them,
They have sealed their sentence now.

Far beyond this fair Dominion
We can hear her battle cry,
Roll of drums and marching men,
Tragic history passing by;
Burning passion prunes her pride,
Hate becomes her iron rod,
Till she loses grip of reason
With her sacred sense of God.

May nought disturb our Empire's peace
In this so dangerous time,
But Britons brave the wide world o'er
Keep step through space and clime,
Nor hate nor passion prune her pride
But discipline stern the rod,
That will keep secure her reason
And her simple faith in God

The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders of Canada

With skirl of pipe and roll of drum
The Camerons Clan, they come, they come;
With stature fair and slender frame,
Their splendid mien, their past retain.
Stately soldiers, blithe and brave,
Plaids and plumage dance and wave,
With gallant gait, to royal rhyme,
The happy host keeps measured time.

With skirl of pipe and bugle cry
The Cameron Clan will do or die.
From clay that moulds 'neath poppies red,
Spirits of comrades—long since dead—
Keep trust with those who march today
With British pluck, their part to play,
The Camerons' eye will solid stand
To guard the honor of our fair land.

MY SON

A grey mist hangs o'er the tree tops,
The earth has a mantle of snow;
There's the noiseless hush of the morning,
And the flicker of lights from below.
The scene, as it spreads out before me,
Seems all so dreary and sad,
But I dream of the spring just awakening,
And my heart in its purpose is glad.

God sent you to me, my darling,
That the light of love in your eyes
Might shroud the midst and the sadness,
Leaving only the blue summer skies.
The sense of your nearness, my loved one,
Unroots the thoughts that are sad,
Transplanting new hope with the dawning,
Of all that is joyous and glad.

The Passing of King George V.

Beloved, sleep! thy task is o'er,
Rest in peace that knows no ending;
Peace that lasts for evermore.

Human duties, nobly done,
Warfare o'er, the battle won,
The sun goes down, life's journey run.

Living memories, outliving long the past,
Though blotted out by earthly things that be;
Shall raise our souls beyond the hidden mast,
Where spirits reign in immortality.

Vimy Memorial to Canada's Dead

Labour of love memorial, the best that earth can give;
Her stately columns rising toward the skies
Shall ever be a ladder to our feet and raise our thoughts
To daring deeds of human sacrifice.
Known and unknown, sheltered side by side,
All of one and one of all in deathless sleep;
From mouldering ashes flowers shall bloom again
As we who watch our sacred promise keep.

To Flanders fields today a mighty host
Marched forth in peace, a sacred tryst to keep,
Midst scenes of splendour seldom seen before,
Such harmony of heart, such ecstasy of soul,
Such visible sign of spiritual unity,
In peace shall bind all nations firmer still
And raise our souls beyond the passing years'
To sense anew the wisdom of God's will.

To My Vacuum Cleaner

You awful dirty, squeaking thing, why make all this noise;
Why can't you quietly do your work with dignity and poise?
I'm sure this morning early I cleaned you out and in
And polished all your trimmings and yet you pause and grin.

I know you're old and feeble
And your hair has all come out;
I know you've done your duty
For ten years or thereabout.

I know you're awfully tired and worn just to a thread—
I often feel like giving in or wishing you were dead.

There, now, you're finished and sure we both are glad
To reason with each other and find it not so bad.
Your work done for the present you can sit back there in state—
All glittering and splendid, though quiet and sedate.

I know you're old and feeble
And your hair has all come out;
But I cannot do without you
As long as you last out.

I know you're awfully tired but please don't me disgrace.
Just stay with me old thing till another takes your place.

Inspired by the tragedy in the life of the Hon. Robert Rogers

The Broken Hero

Old times have changed, forever gone,
Old times of revelry, mirth and song
No longer there mid shining lights
Both friend and foe his pomp invites,
The glowing fire, the cheering wine,
Men proud and slick and women fine
Around his hospitable board.
The battle won, men sheathed their swords,
No longer courted mid the wealth
Of state and culture, youth and health;
No longer pampered by the few
Who all his faults and failings knew.
His home, oft graced by noble proud,
Was just as oft by motley crowd,
Who ate his cake and drank his wine;
They called the tune—he paid the fine.
That voice once loved no more we hear
Yet we must stem the bitter tear;
To view his life by all bereft
We fain would see him safe at rest.
His heart so warm, mistakes he made,
He ran the race his place to save.
What though the gall pierced every link
That held the cup that he must drink,
Until at last he drank the dregs,
Bowed low his head and, passing on,
Was lost amid the surging throng
Of earth's mysterious living dead.

In Loving Memory of
THE LATE MRS. ROBERT ROGERS
Died July 4th, 1934

SHE GAVE ALL

Weep, women of today—no warmer heart
E'er breathed. She walked with God.
No truer friend e'er played a nobler part,
Than she we laid today beneath the sod.

We longed to honour her declining years,
That she might live in peace and rest awhile,
Forgetful of the bitter unshed tears
That oft had glistened through her winning smile.

Ah, no. 'Twere better far that she should sleep
With others who had safely crossed the bar
'And we who mourn, in faith our vigil keep
And in her memory find a guiding star.

But e'er we leave her body to the dust,
We pledge anew here, o'er her open grave;
That we will ever honour, love and trust
The principles in life she fought to save.

Move on, unfurl the flag unto the breeze,
Nor fear to tread life's unknown hidden mast,
Assured that giving of her best she found
A safe and peaceful anchorage at last.

HE NEVER KNEW

Come back to me dear heart,
From out the lonely years,
You never knew I loved you,
Nor saw my bitter tears.
To choose the right, we had to part;
There lay no other path between,
And now alone in twilights hour,
I dream of what there might have been.

Come back to me dear heart,
For just one hour sublime,
That through the past my soul may rise
Beyond the ravages of time
To read the truth within your eyes
As smiling through your unshed tears
You said good-bye—it broke your heart—
I've silent been through all those years.

Come back to me dear heart,
Sooth my wakeful, restless dream,
I dread the coming lonesome years
Of age and all that lies between.
It was no easy hill to climb,
To crush the heart that yearned for you
In friendship I am glad we met,
And of my love you never knew.

Come back to me dear heart
From out those distant skies of blue,
To-day I kissed your smiling eyes,
Your eyes so tender, kind and true,
And some-how, dear, though you're in heaven,
The wonder of our love survives
As through the mists our spirits cling—
Such love as ours, dear, never dies.

MEMORIES

Alone in twilight's mystic hour,
I dream of scenes lived long ago—
Shadows from the firelight gleaming
Into phantom figures grow.
Thus again I join the dancers;
Sweetest music fills the air,
Songs of rapture woo my senses
Back to days so bright and fair.

Long ago when youth was rampant
I can see my mother's care;
Gown and slippers, fan and perfume,
A garland too, to deck my hair.
Flowers and roses all caressing
Girlhood's prime with rosy hue,
Eyes agleam with myrth and laughter,
Mirrored mischief smiling through.

Just a carefree worldly daughter,
Living midst a whirl of joy,
Drinking full of every moment,
All her arts her days employ.
Now life's twilight hovers o'er me,
All things not quite what they seem;
Yet I love the twilight shadows
That reveal my girlhood's dream.

Corners of the City Park

PART I

Could wealth of beauty, colour scheme,
A poets thrill or artist dream
Excell such ecstasy of soul
As drinking in this wonderous scene;
A sky so blue or grass as green,
Where softest shades creep o'er the whole.

Here every flower a message brings,
Here every bird a love-song sings
And flaps its wings with glee.
The soft wind, sighing, wanton flings
Her kisses to each flower and clings
And flirts with every tree.

Tiny wavelets lapping the shore,
Rush to cover the pebbles o'er
E're they ebb to the open sea—
Such wealth of wonder at our door,
Brimming measure fills her store,
Nature's gift to you and me.

PART II

Come, come with me to the dreamers' quiet corner,
There we will find us a sweet shady nook,
E're to some far distant land we may travel
With the new-found friends we will meet in our book.
The blue sky above us, babbling brook at our feet,
Far away from the crowd is this charming retreat.

Here rustling leaflets, warbling of love-birds,
Drone of sweet sounds, so far and yet near,
Whispering softly to woo our thoughts homeward
To the beauty around us and friends that are dear.
The cool breeze of evening caressing our hair
Shall hold us enraptured whilst lingering there.

Less loud the sounds as the shadows creep slowly,
A noiseless hush breathes o'er the eves gentle close;
Far, far in the west, on the rim of the heavens,
The sun sinks to rest in its tranquil repose.
Day is done, night is here, should my dream fade away,
May the morn with fresh fragrance bring back yesterday.

PART III

Have you been to the Kiddies corner
Where peacocks strutt pretty and proud,
Displaying dainty dignified airs
To impress the gay passing crowd?

Have you noticed that wise old owl dozing,
Pretending asleep on the tree,
While perchance she is blinking and thinking
Such funny folks—yes, you and me?

The big grizzly bears, fat and funny,
Their stunts to the kiddies display
And, if fed with plenty of peanuts,
Will play at this game all day.

Then the muskrats that live in the water
Wear such a nonchalant air
That it's hard to believe that hereafter,
They'll adorn grand coats ladies wear.

You have watched the wild angry coyotes,
They can't for one moment keep still;
Do they hunger for wide open spaces
Where they can roam free at their will?

Then think of those ponderous buffaloes
They eat as they tread round the track,
Such a monstrous big giant at front,
Such a wee skinny thing at the back.

The deer, so timid and frightened,
As if they would fain run away
To the hills of their native environs,
Where tall trees in soft breezes sway.

King of them all, the caged lion,
Such dignity, majesty, poise,
Disdainfully searching the scene,
Detached from the crowd and the noise.

And methinks in contentment we linger,
While the sun sinks behind the blue wall
And our eyes rise beyond to the heavens
In wonder and awe at it all.

REMEMBRANCE

Arise, ye warriors, from your sleep;
Rise up from out this earthly sod;
Unbind the wreaths in love we laid
On unknown graves assigned by God.
Red as your blood the poppies bloom
On battle fields so far away,
And here in loving memory still,
We keep our faith with you today.

Rise up, ye brave who gave your all;
Come forth from out the doubtful past;
Unfurl the flag unto the breeze
Till what you died for wins at last.
Clear as a bell your gallant deeds,
On honoured pages traced by pen,
Shall live in history's glory,
Aye the pride of honest men.

Ah no! Sleep on. At last sleep on;
Nor wake to hear the battle cry,
The thundering roar of cannon shot,
Nor marching feet that pass us by,
The fear of night, the dread of dawn,
The horror of strange things unseen
Shall not disturb your heavenly rest
Nor mouldering clay your deathless dream.

Sleep on. Nor will we mourn or fret
But each his hidden burden bear,
In faith and hope our hearts will rise
Beyond to breathe this simple prayer,
That we may keep our faith with them
And by God's love and mercy led,
In spirit reach celestial heights,
To walk with our beloved dead.

Lawrence of Arabia

O Master Mind—still must your tragic secrets keep,
Thy voice forever mute amid the motley crowd.
Sleep on. Nor wake, though nations 'round you weep,
The hapless Arab, or perchance the Noble I'roud,
Whose gold you scorned to touch, e'er rusting in your hand,
Subduing ruthless enemies who would not understand.

O Master Mind, whose simple worth your greatness proved,
Dost stand alone above the taunts of pampered men,
In silence held the iron to your soul and moved
The world to right a wrong, a dire injustice stem.
Thus kings and thrones may rise and fall before War's cruel blast,
But out from all misunderstandings truth has won at last.

O Master Mind, where dust to dust your broken body lies
With epitaph in memory of a name, a man maybe, a soldier brave,
Who gave his all. Now to the desert plains his spirit flies
To keep its tryst with those he surely gave his life to save
Arabia free! Legions yet unborn on sands of time shall find
The footprints of this Lawrence—Arabia's Master Mind!

CHRISTMAS

Dear God, in this, another year of grace
Send us a star that we may trace anew
The revelation of Thy wondrous love.

Dear God, amidst this world of sin
Keep us, Thy children, calm and pure within—apart
From aught that hurts a simple human heart.

Dear God, on this another Christmas Day
May love and joy chase care and strife away;
May Christmas bells their old-time message ring
And peace on earth God's blessing to us bring.

DESPAIR

Depart O Life, with ever-changing scene,
Your day is past—no longer can you wrestle with my dream;
No more excitement, pleasure, riches, fame
Can make or mar my path or shame my name.
Move on, let others tread the road I loved so well,
Yet failed to trace the purpose held for age or youth:
But now that I am free from earthly loss or gain,
Embracing death, I'll surely find the truth.

COULD I BUT SPEAK

I'm awfully tired of sitting still whilst others are so busy,
I'm sick of saying nothing while those talking make me dizzy.
I can't go in the parlour, though right through the open door
I hear the whole darned business—lectures, speeches, talks galore.
The loud ones do the leading, the quiet ones acquiesce,
The wisest group just nods its head in simple nonchalance.
British Israel has the whole thing in a nutshell, seems to me,
And even youth in very truth the good in all things see.
Poor old League of Nations blamed for all that's going wrong.
Italy sneezes, Russia teases, Germany has a battle song;
She tries to succour China from her sister 'cross the street
Quite a long time I've been thinking that she'd better act than speak.
I've got so tired of listening to the same thing o'er and o'er
Could I but speak I'd only say, "Kindly close the door."
But here I sit in patience, bewildered with it all;
You see I can do nothing—I am just a cupie doll.

THE OPTIMISTIC GRAD

I am launching my ship on the ocean of time;
I'll come back on the crest of the wave;
All the wide world my own for the taking, you see,
The past's buried deep in its grave.

Take my hand, wish me well, in sincerity greet me;
I have lived many years for this day;
I'm just raring to run to those wide open spaces
In the Land of my Dreams far away.

Say not youth has lost sense of strength, pulse of pleasure,
Romance, or the urge to enjoy simple things,
Nor the grace to accept them in God's brimming measure
With thanks, great or small just what'er fortune brings.

But think not I cherish vain favor of learning
Where talent lies dormant in humble desire,
But in fostering friendship in equal proportion
To heights of devotion my soul may aspire.

Soaring, or sinking neath the waves of life's ocean,
With my love and respect I'll appraise,
The brave hearts that blended and fostered in me
The worth of those old college days.

In loving memory of Alderman Bert Andrew's
who was accidentally killed August 7th, 1935

The Passing of a Friend

With bowed heads we see the cortege pass,
There is no death; yet desolate here we stand
With tear dimmed eyes, our hearts are numbed,
To sense once more God's hidden hand.

In awe we grieve the passing of a friend,
God called him to that richer life beyond
And to his will our broken spirits bend
As to the dust we lay our precious dead.

When from the past, with silent steps unseen,
His spirit shall in sweetest memory cling
Around the scenes he loved and graced so well,
Youthful voices shall his praises sing.

And we with contrite hearts God's hand may trace
And pray that through his love hearts still
Are warm, and everlasting fires of human grace
In faith reveal to us His sovereign will.

There is no death. Beyond there is no gloom,
No earthly fret or pain, no chastening rod.
Where dust to dust we lay in nature's sod
Eternal flowers shall forever bloom.

A Reverie

O, to live a little longer midst the beauty all around me,
Midst the beauty of the dawning of another wonder day;
Just to look, to look and wonder at the vastness of the ocean
As the tides come rolling in or as gently ebb away.
O, to live a little longer, to meet the dawn above me
With the morning shades awakening in the distant eastern sky,
Or to grasp anew an ecstasy of God's love and deep devotion,
And to joy with nature's gladness as the days go passing by.

O, to stay a little longer with my loved ones all round me
When at even's twilight hour, e'er the birds have sought their nests,
And soft, white clouds assailing, 'cross a sky of softest blue
Chase the sun in all its glory creeping slowly toward the west.
O, to stay a little longer with my loved ones all round me
As their sadness and their gladness my earthly hopes fulfill,
And lingering, foster friendships that I've tried and found not wanting.
E'er the roses bloom above me—where I lie so cold and still.

RADIO VESPER HOUR

The Vesper Hour whose tuneful chimes God's children to His altar call
As evening shadows softly creep along the narrow, flowered wall.
Perchance I lay my book aside, as the choir begins to sing,
To snatch a thrill from the organ as its chords vibrate and ring.

The Parson from the Bible reads in simple language meet,
That simple hearts may sense the strain and grasp this message sweet:
The story of that wondrous love. Christ's death on Calvary's tree
He preached Christ died that we might live; He lives to make us free.

I cannot see the singers, but I love the songs they sing;
I do not know the Parson—only the joy his sermons bring,
Yet their spirits through the shadows linger long and seem to say
There are Vesper Hours in heaven—you have had a glimpse today.

A SATIRE

Could I but bribe my pen to trace a trail,
 Could I express the thoughts that surge within
I'd plead that you would cease from vain regrets
 And with each day another life begin,
Nor force a fight in every race for wealth
 But deem it first that you enjoy good health.

The love of friends you've proven to be true
 Shall warm your heart and keep at bay the chill
That now you feel whilst striving for the top.
 As others gather warmth while standing still,
The simplest things in life will often grow,
 A counterpoise to greater things you know.

T'were better far, when clouds of anger rise,
 To bear in patience, e'en with saddened heart,
Assured that sense in season shall rebound
 And render to the meek her nobler part.
In sincerity this plan I'd fain commend
 To soothe your wounded pride, mine honoured friend.

MY NEIGHBOUR

My Neighbour; How simple and sweet sounds her name;
How often her wisdom has scattered my fears,
How often her soft hands have soothed my pain
As she joyed with my gladness, or wept with my tears,

Four score and more years and wearied by illness
Her bright eyes grew dim and her wan cheeks grew pale,
Till her feeble frame sank 'neath earth's wintry chillness.
Death claimed her his own and she followed the trail.

We laid her poor body, all wasted with waiting,
In a sweet bed of flowers, in a time-honored grave;
Dust to dust. Where in spring the birds will be mating,
Our breaking hearts gave back to God what He gave.

Now, oft in the stillness, soft memories caress me,
I feel hovering round me her heavenly spell:
So sweet is the music that whispers her nearness,
In spirit united—God does all things well.

MY DARLING

Two tiny feet pattering round all the day,
Two shell-like ears hearing all that I say,
Two dirty dolls that she hugs to her breast,
This is my darling—the one I love best.

Two soft grey eyes oft turn misty blue,
As mischief and laughter come dancing through.
Two rosy cheeks all dimpled and round,
No busier person on earth could be found.

Sweet is the song she warbles at play,
Laughing or crying in tragic dismay,
Loving and hugging perched on my knee,
There's no hour so sweet as her bedtime to me.

Two chubby hands clasped up in the air,
Two pouting lips softly lisping her prayer,
Two tired eyes closed as tight could be,
This is my darling—she's just turned three.

OUR UNEMPLOYED YOUTH

Derelicts on the ocean of time,
Ballast of blunders, cargoes of crime;
Passion and pride fills their days full of woe,
All longing to leave but nowhere to go,
Strange storms are brewing and
Dark clouds, hanging low,
Are sapping their strength as
The years come and go.

O father in heaven, who rules time and tide,
Steady their bark on life's ocean so wide;
Calm their foul fears, save them yet from despair,
Lead them to safety and anchor them there.
Long years of yearning, hearts breaking in vain,
We pray for our youth—may we pray not in vain.
Christ, walk again on the crest of the foam
And gather those derelicts safely home.

HOMELAND

Far, far from her shores I have wandered away,
Facing fair lands of my dreams of a day
When fortune would woo me—though fickle she be—
Where new scenes would soothe me and space set me free

Refrain

Scotland, my homeland, far over the sea
Voices of loved ones are calling for me;
Soft winds that sigh o'er the crest of the foam
Are wafting me back to my dear Scottish home.

Far from her mountains my feet long have strayed,
Seeking fresh pastures with hope unallayed,
Yet when waves o'er the spaces sing softly I sigh
With the hope I may see her before that I die.

Fair land of adoption, thy prairies I praise,
The sun on the snow-drifts, thy sweet summer days;
Sure land of promise, wide spaces galore,
Would I love you less, loved I not Scotland more?

Summer Time

Summer time, full summer time,
Summer time with blossoms rare;
Every plot and window box
Is bursting with its ample share:
Every lane and hidden nook,
Every garden in its prime,
Come, enjoy full nature's store
God's great gift of summer time.

Summer time, gay summer time,
Summer time with roses red;
Rich their tints and fragrance sweet
On all alike their beauty shed.
Every hedge and bush and tree
Sighing 'neath their load of bloom,
Come enjoy sweet summer time
E'er it pass away—too soon.

ECSTASY

I'd lived for years in search of truth,
In search of truth so hard to find
Until in strange disguise he came,
This friend so earnest and so kind.
The cup he held up to my lips,
I drank in full the magic wine,
A fuller life my vision sought,
At last this rapture would be mine.

I hied me to his cottage home,
Where love and peace beguiled the hours
And there, apart from stress and strain;
Our thoughts we pressed from thorns to flowers.
His wife, so gentle, good and kind
Bid me welcome—clasped my hand—
And, beckoning to an open door,
She knew that I would understand.

The room so sweet, so warm and cozy,
The cots placed neatly side by side,
Two healthy boys, cheeks red and rosy,
Lay fast asleep—a mother's pride.
Again she tucked the cover round them,
Whispering this is James and John,
And stooping answered O so sweetly
I am so glad they're well and strong.

Yes here is Baby, such a treasure,
She's just as good as good can be;
Surely riches without measure
Those little darlings are to me.
Her delicate frame, so frail and slender,
Such grace as her's, to few is given;
Her mystic eyes so true and tender
Held less of earth in them than heaven.

Came generous hospitality
To crown a visit rare, complete,
Refreshments served the night wore on.
As twelve chimed out—I to my feet,
Ashamed their welcome I'd abused,
I bid good night and left them there
And hurried out to meet the night,
So beautiful, grand beyond compare.

I stood quite still to scan the skies,
Soft winds—like angels—hovering round,
An ecstasy of pure delight,
As if I stood on hallowed ground
Had I not known despair and pain
Such ecstasy could not be mine,
Did I not live in peace with thee
My soul could not aspire to thine.

For simplest things our days employ,
Reach nearest to our hearts desire,
And, reaching forth in modest aim,
Shall higher still our souls inspire.
'Tis worth to live a length of years,
To reap in time what God had planned
And view again with wondering eyes
All that he carries in his hand.

Oft since, in sweetest memory,
I live again that hour of bliss
And wonder if perchance that night
Portrayed to me God's heaven on earth:
Could I but bride my pen to trace,
Or tuneful voice my thoughts recite,
I'd sing that all the world might know
The wonder of that perfect night.

75

PS 8521 169 B72
KIRKPATRICK HELEN 1877-
BOOK OF POEMS

40866550 HSS



* 000026475442 *

DATE DUE SLIP

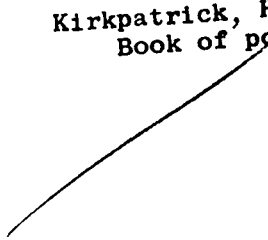
[illegible]

PAMPHLET

679576

PS
8521
I 69
B72

Kirkpatrick, H.
Book of poems.



■ CAMERON LIBRARY

A10430



EVANS PRINTING CO. 127 OSBORNE ST.